

For why should we the busy Soul believe,
When boldly she concludes of that
and this? When of herself, she can no
judgement give;
Nor How, nor Whence,, nor Where₅ nor What
she Is!

All things without, which round about
we see, We seek to know, and have
therewith to do; But that, whereby
we Reason, Live, and Be,
Within ourselves, we strangers are thereto!

We seek to know the moving of each sphere,
And the strange cause of th'ebbs and
floods of Nile ; But of that Clock which in
our breasts we bear,₉ The subtle motions
we forget the while !

We that acquaint ourselves with every zone,
And pass both tropics, and behold both
poles; When we come home, are to
ourselves unknown And unacquainted
still, with our own souls !

We study Speech, but others we persuade!
We Leechcraft learn, but others cure
with it! We interpret Laws, which other
men have made; But read not those,
which in our hearts are writ!

Is it because the Mind is like the Eye,
(Through which it gathers knowledge by
degrees) Whose rays reflect not, but
spread outwardly; Not seeing itself,
when other things it sees ?

No, doubtless! for the Mind can
backward cast Upon herself, her
understanding light; But she is
so corrupt, and so defac't, As her
own image doth herself affright.

As is the fable of that Lady fair,
Which, for her lust, was turned into a cow;
When thirsty, to a stream, she did repair.
And saw herself transformed (she wist not
how!)